

WEIRD

AND

Thrillers



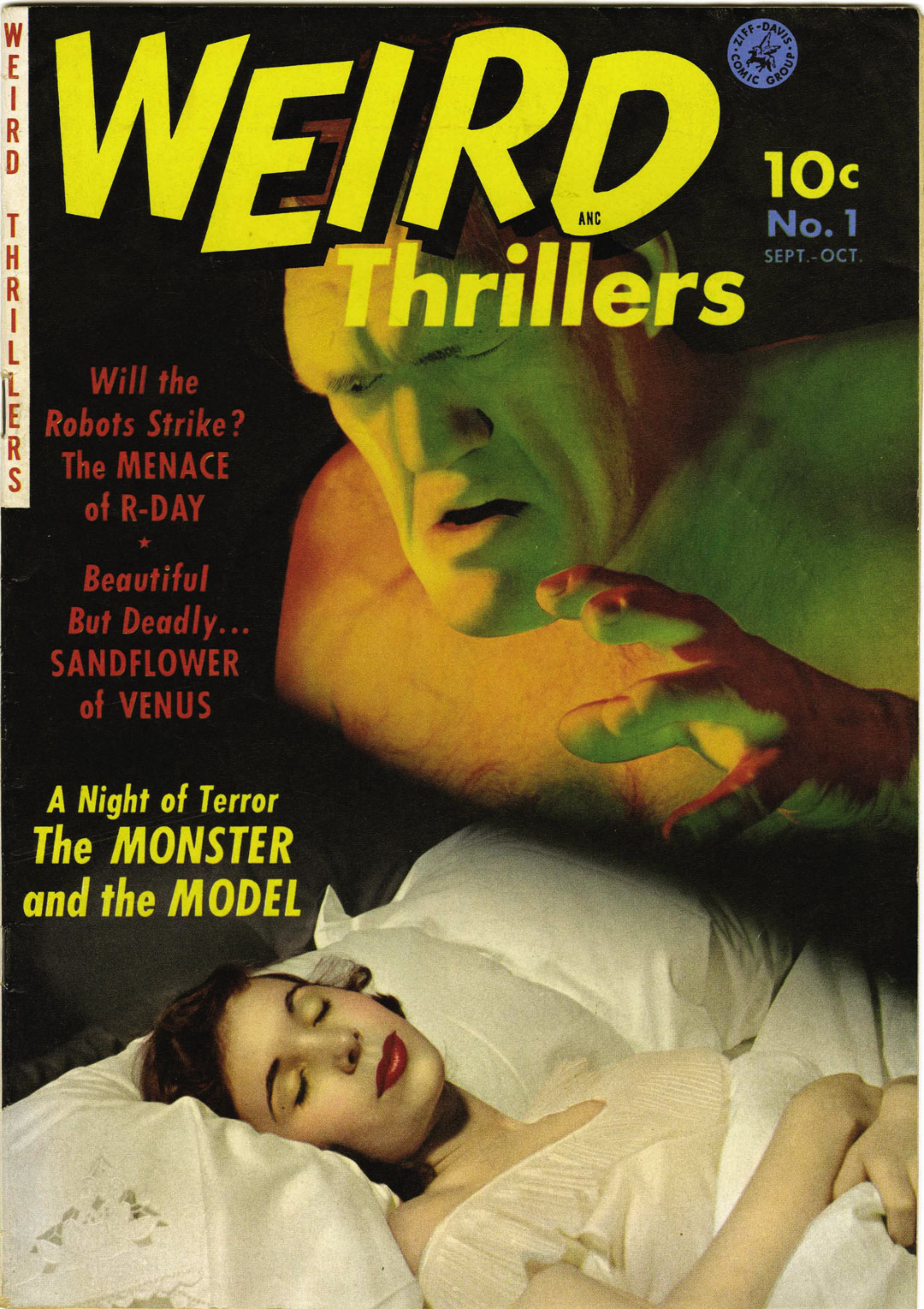
10c
No. 1
SEPT.-OCT.

*Will the
Robots Strike?
The MENACE
of R-DAY*

★

*Beautiful
But Deadly...
SANDFLOWER
of VENUS*

*A Night of Terror
The MONSTER
and the MODEL*



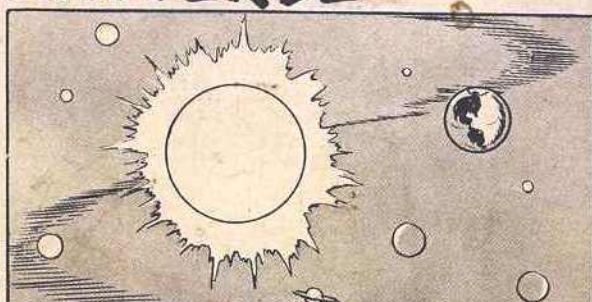


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OUR AMAZING UNIVERSE



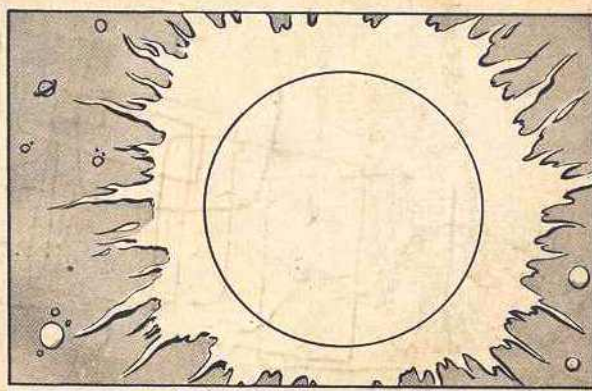
A PERSON STANDING ON ONE SPOT IN THE UNITED STATES FOR ONE YEAR COULD SEE APPROXIMATELY 4,000 DIFFERENT STARS WITH THE NAKED EYE. WITH A MODERN TELESCOPE THE SAME PERSON COULD SEE 100 MILLION STARS!



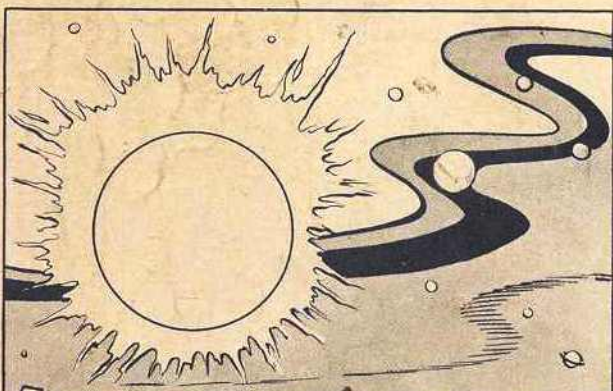
BECAUSE THE SUN'S ENERGY RADIATES IN ALL DIRECTIONS, LESS THAN ONE TWO-BILLIONTH OF THE SUN'S HEAT IS RECEIVED BY THE EARTH.



THE MOON REACHES A TEMPERATURE OF 265 DEGREES ABOVE ZERO AT HIGH NOON. THIS TEMPERATURE FALLS TO 196 DEGREES **BELOW** ZERO AT THE TIME OF A TOTAL ECLIPSE.



ALTHOUGH THE APPEARANCE OF THE SUN DOESN'T SEEM TO CHANGE, IT IS ACTUALLY SHRINKING IN SIZE. IT LOSES 250 MILLION TONS **PER MINUTE**! NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LOST TONNAGE.



THE STAR NEAREST THE SUN IS ABOUT 25 MILLION-MILLION MILES AWAY. IF THE SUN AND THIS STAR WERE TO APPROACH EACH OTHER AT A SPEED OF 30 MILES PER SECOND, 25,000 YEARS WOULD HAVE TO PASS BEFORE A COLLISION COULD TAKE PLACE.

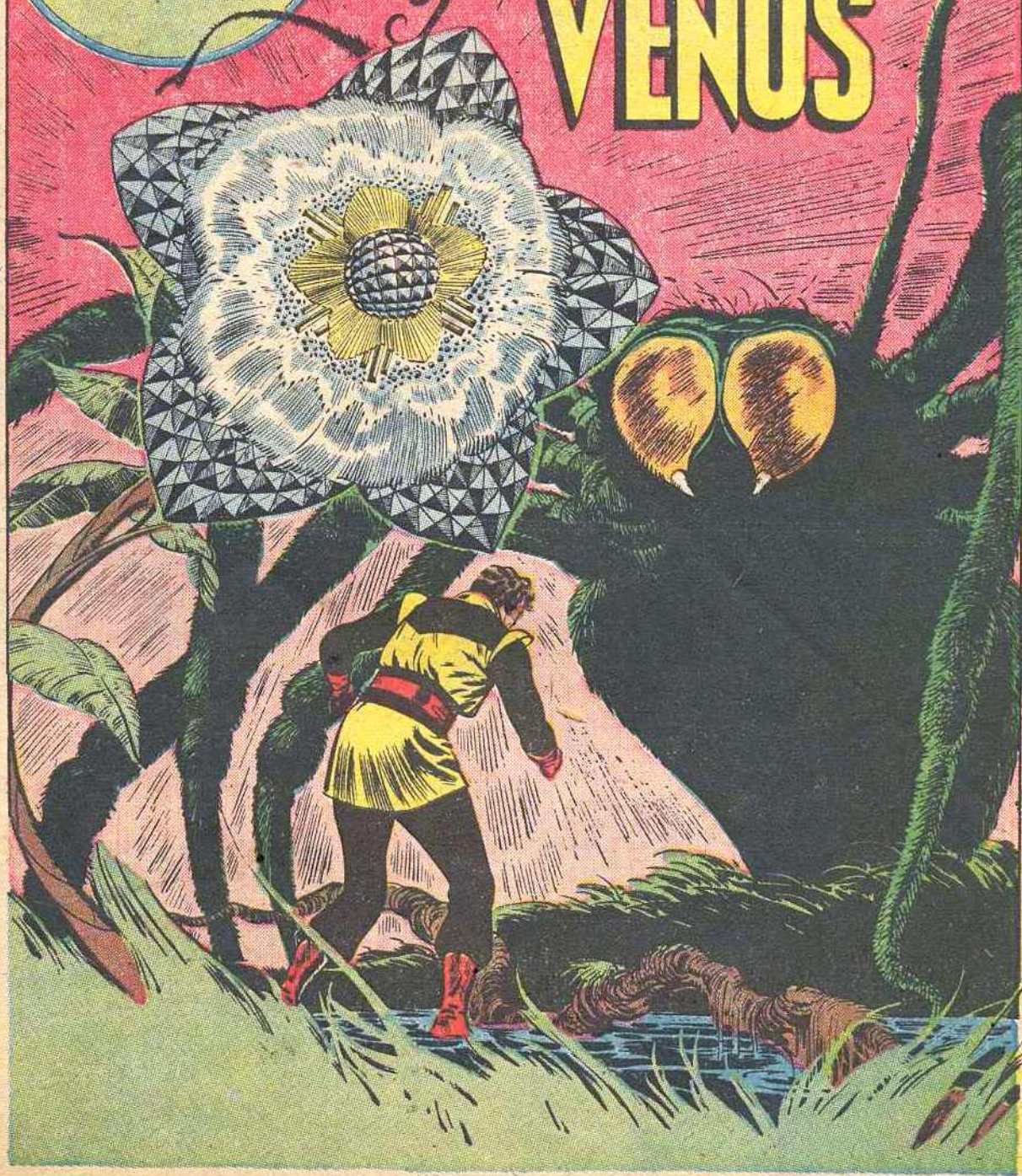


THE MILKY WAY CONSISTS OF THIRTY THOUSAND MILLION STARS, EACH SEPARATED BY THOUSANDS OF MILES OF SPACE!

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WEIRD THRILLERS, No. 1, SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, published eight issues a year, by Approved Comics, Inc., 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Application for second class entry pending at Bridgeport, Conn. Single copies 10c. Subscription rates: In the U. S., Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions \$1.20 for 12 issues; in all other countries \$2.20 for 12 issues. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.
 PRINTED IN U. S. A.

SPACEPORT IS
A HOT, STEAMING
AND EVIL METROPOLIS.
A HAVEN FOR ALL THE
CUTTHROATS AND
PIRATES IN THE SOLAR
SYSTEM. BUT ONE PARTICULARLY-BEAUTIFUL
OBJECT
LIVES IN THIS CITY—
THE PRICELESS
BUT DEADLY...

SANDFLOWER *of* VENUS



A LUXURY SPACELINER LANDS ON VENUS...

WELL, HERE WE ARE, MISS D'ARGOT!
I DON'T SUPPOSE A FAMOUS ACTRESS
LIKE YOU WILL BE VERY MUCH
IMPRESSED BY THIS PLANET.

I DOUBT IF
THERE'S ANYTHING
WORTH SEEING! HAVE
YOU BEEN HERE
BEFORE?



YES, THIS IS MY FIFTH TRIP! YOU SEE,
I'M THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSAL
BOTANICAL GARDENS, AND THE
SANDFLOWER OF VENUS IS THE ONLY
RARE FLOWER MISSING FROM OUR
COLLECTION! ALTHOUGH WE'RE
OFFERING A FABULOUS REWARD, IT
SEEMS THERE JUST AREN'T ANY MEN
WITH ENOUGH COURAGE TO GO AFTER
ONE!

I'LL BET
I CAN
GET
ONE!



I DOUBT IT. THERE IS
GREAT DANGER
SURROUNDING THESE
WEIRD FLOWERS...

NONSENSE! MY
FIANCE WOULD
BE HAPPY TO
DO IT FOR ME—
WOULDN'T YOU,
BRAD?

BUT,
LUCILLE.
I—



NOW, BRAD!
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO
ARGUE OVER
SO SIMPLE A
REQUEST.
ARE YOU? IF
YOU REALLY
LOVE ME...

ALL RIGHT,
DARLING! IF
IT MEANS
SO MUCH
TO YOU,
I'LL TRY!



AS BRAD LEAVES THE
SPACE SHIP...

MR. BENNETT! WAIT! I
MUST SPEAK TO YOU!



MY NAME IS MELINDA
BROWN! I'VE LIVED HERE
ON VENUS MOST OF MY LIFE—
AND I MUST WARN YOU! THE
GIANT **SWAMP SPIDER** OF
VENUS CULTIVATES THE
SANDFLOWER, AND USES
IT TO LURE HUMAN
BEINGS TO DESTRUCTION!
DON'T GO!

BUT I
PROMISED!

PLEASE LISTEN TO
ME! EVEN IF YOU
WERE TO ESCAPE
THE SWAMP SPIDER,
YOU'D NEVER GET
OFF THIS PLANET
ALIVE!



LOOK AT THOSE CHARACTERS!
THEY'D CUT YOUR THROAT FOR
A DOLLAR! IMAGINE WHAT
THEY'D DO TO GET HOLD OF
THE PRICELESS SANDFLOWER!







WHAT..?
THE SPIDER!



WHEW! HE ALMOST
HAD ME!



IF I CAN ONLY REACH THE
JET-CAR BEFORE THAT
MONSTER GETS SET
FOR ANOTHER LEAP!



ANOTHER FEW STEPS
AND--



TOO LATE! UNDER THE
JET-CAR! IT'S MY
ONLY CHANCE!



I'M DONE FOR! HE'S
LIFTING THE JET AS
IF IT WERE A
PEBBLE!



ANOTHER MINUTE AND
HE'LL **HAVE** ME!

CRASH



IF ONLY I HAD A WEAPON!... AH-AH- WHAT'S THIS? A JET TUBE!



ONE LAST CHANCE! IF THIS JET TUBE STILL WORKS..



IT DOES WORK!



HE'S STILL ALIVE AFTER THAT ROASTING! **WHEEW!** WHAT A TOUGH BABY!



HOURS LATER...

SPACEPORT AT LAST!

AHOY, LAD! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE HAD A ROUGH TIME! LET ME GIVE YE A HELPING HAND!



SO YOU'VE GOT A SANDFLOWER, EH? YOU'RE MIGHTY LUCKY, MISTER! NO ONE ESCAPED FROM A SWAMP SPIDER BEFORE!

YES, I GUESS I **AM** PRETTY LUCKY!



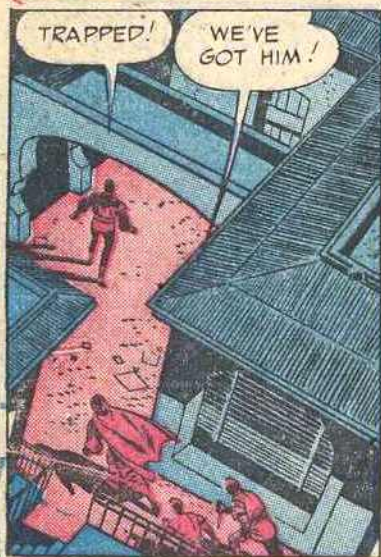
BUT I RECKON I'M EVEN LUCKIER, MISTER! BY THE DEVILS OF SPACE, I'LL HAVE THAT SANDFLOWER FOR MYSELF!



YOU WON'T GET IT WITHOUT A FIGHT CHUM!



AFTER 'IM, BOYS! HE'S GOT A SANDFLOWER!



TRAPPED!

WE'VE GOT HIM!



MELINDA! WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WAITING! HOPING YOU'D COME BACK!



THE DRAINAGE TUNNELS ARE RIGHT BELOW US. CLIMB DOWN, QUICK! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THESE TUNNELS ARE NATURAL CAVES THAT DRAIN OFF THE EXCESS WATER FROM THE SURFACE OF THIS PLANET! THE ONE WE'RE IN NOW LEADS DIRECTLY TO THE LANDING FIELD. COME ON!



ACT NATURAL, BRAD! THEY'VE GOT TO BELIEVE WE BELONG HERE; WE'VE ONLY MINUTES BEFORE WORD OF YOUR SANDFLOWER SPREADS THROUGHOUT THE UNDERWORLD!

THOSE BOYS LOOK AS THOUGH THEY'D ENJOY MURDERING US!

MY FATHER WAS POLICE CHIEF IN SPACEPORT ONCE. I USED TO PLAY IN THESE TUNNELS WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

LUCKY FOR ME YOU DID, MELINDA! IF NOT FOR YOU, I'D NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!

WE'RE NOT SAFE YET, BRAD! BUT ONCE PAST THIS OLD WATER STORAGE TANK, WE'LL BE NEAR THE LANDING FIELD!

UGH! THIS PLACE IS LIKE A BAD DREAM!



THERE THEY ARE! THEY'VE GOT A SANDFLOWER! IT'LL BRING A FORTUNE! ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US! GET THEM!

RUN FOR IT, BRAD!



TAKE THE SIDE TUNNEL AND CUT 'EM OFF!

WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!



WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH, BRAD! HURRY!

LOOK! WE'RE CUT OFF!



AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH--NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP ME NOW!





The End

The MENACE of R DAY

IT IS 1999, AND PEACE FINALLY COMES TO WAR-TORN EARTH... AND WITH PEACE COMES THE REALIZATION OF A LONG-AWAITED DREAM-- A UNITED EARTH! BUT HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF AND ONCE AGAIN A TYRANT COMES TO THE FORE ...A DICTATOR MORE TERRIBLE THAN ANY BEFORE HIM, FOR HE HAS NO NAME--- ONLY A NUMBER, AND THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD IS WITHIN EASY REACH AS ZERO HOUR BRINGS "THE MENACE OF R-DAY!"

THIS IS THE END! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

AT THE UNITED EARTH GOVERNMENT LABORATORY, WHERE BRUCE KAINE AND HIS ASSISTANT, VINA TALBOT, WORK...

BRUCE, IT'S TIME FOR OUR APPOINTMENT WITH ROGER STANTON.

RIGHT, VINA! I WANT TO SHOW HIM MY NEW MAGNET.

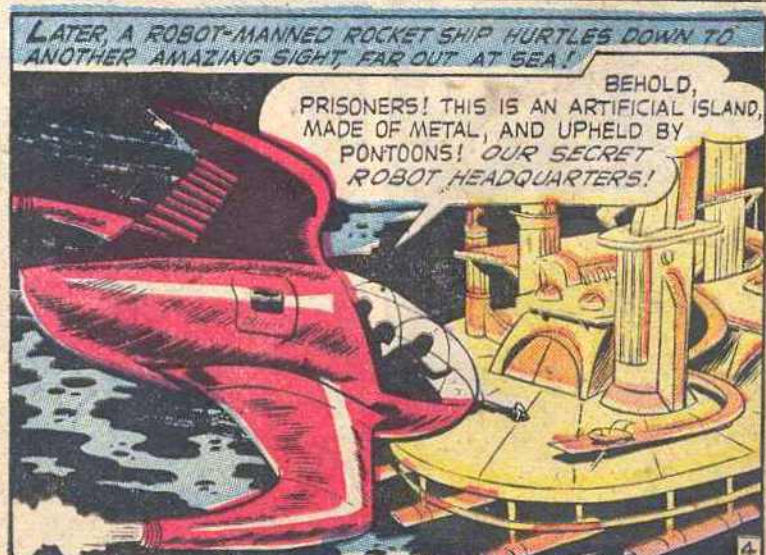
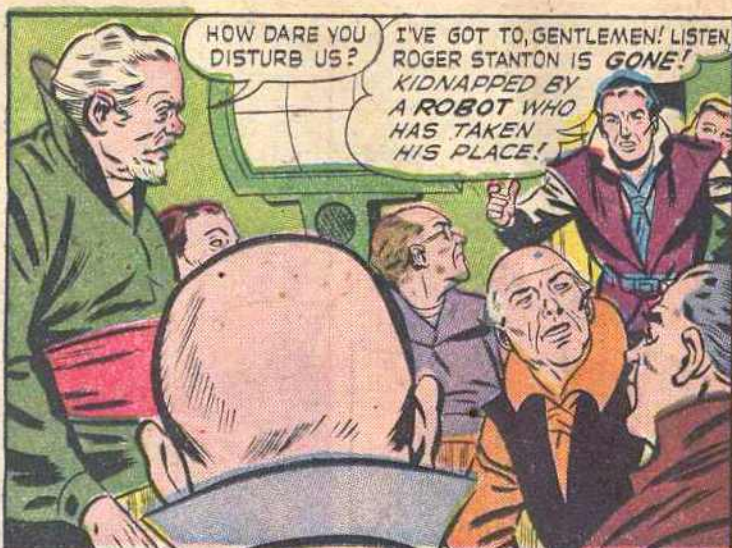
IT DOESN'T SEEM TOO LONG AGO THAT ROGER STANTON WAS OUR PROF AT THE UNIVERSITY! NOW LOOK AT HIM! --PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD!

YES, BRUCE, AND HE'S COMPLETELY UNAFFECTED BY HIS POSITION! HE'S STILL AS FRIENDLY AS ALWAYS!

ANDR











NOT IF WE'RE **DISGUISED!** IF Z-13 COULD DISGUISE HIMSELF AS A HUMAN, WHY CAN'T WE DISGUISE OURSELVES AS ROBOTS? WE CAN USE THESE DISCARDED ROBOT PARTS ON THIS SCRAP HEAP!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

VINA! KEEP IN THE SHADOWS AND WALK STIFFLY!

THAT ROBOT WALKED PAST US WITH-
OUT SUSPECT-
ING! IT
WORKED!



BUT HOW CAN WE SABOTAGE THIS HORRIBLE PLACE, WITH THOUSANDS OF ROBOTS ALL OVER?

WAIT--**SAND!**
THIS IS IT,
VINA! GET
TO WORK!



THE NEXT MORNING, THEIR MYSTER-
IOUS JOB FINISHED, BRUCE AND
VINA GO BACK INTO HIDING...

WELL, THAT'S OVER WITH!
WE'LL KEEP HIDDEN AND...

THE HUMANS!

BRUCE! THAT ROBOT
SEARCHER JUST SAW
US!



**ATTENTION ALL!
THE HUMANS!**

RUN FOR
IT, VINA!



CAN'T MOVE!
WHAT IS WRONG?!

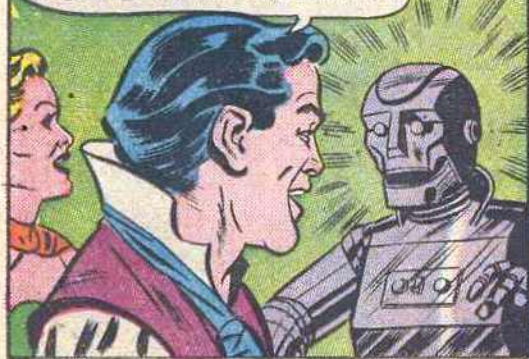
IT WORKED, VINA!
JUST IN TIME! OUR
NIGHT JOB OF
SABOTAGE
DID THE TRICK!



**SURROUND
THEM! RIP THEM
TO BITS!**



YOU'RE **PARALYZED!** YOU SEE, I NOTICED THAT YOU ROBOTS ALL **OILED** YOURSELVES REGULARLY LIKE ANY MACHINE! SO LAST NIGHT, VINA AND I THREW **SAND** IN THE OIL DRUMS!



I JUST CAN'T HELP DOING THIS NOW, EVEN IF IT **IS** CHILDISH!

I'D DO IT TOO— IF I WEREN'T A LADY!



ALL OF THEM PARALYZED!

NOW WE CAN DO THE **REAL** SABOTAGE, AT OUR LEISURE IN THIS MUNITIONS DUMP!

LATER, UNMOLESTED, BRUCE AND VINA SOAR AWAY FROM THE ROBOT HEADQUARTERS IN A ROCKET SHIP, AND BEHIND THEM...



WE SET THE TIME-FUSES TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE PLACE BEHIND US! NOW TO EXPOSE THOSE ROBOT IMPOSTERS TO THE **UE!**

AND FINALLY, SOME DAYS LATER...

HI, YOU TWO YOUNG SCALAWAGS! COME IN!

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!



SOON, AT THE **UE...**

OPEN FIRE, MEN! EVEN STEEL ROBOTS CAN'T STAND UP AGAINST ATOMIC GUNS! JUST SAVE Z-13 ALIVE, SO HE CAN TELL US WHERE STANTON AND THE OTHERS ARE KEPT PRISONERS!

BRUCE KAINE!!!



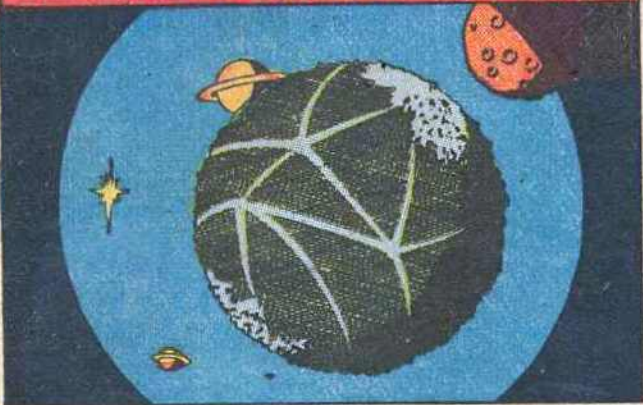
NOW WE KNOW IT'S THE **REAL** ROGER STANTON! THE UNITED EARTH IS SAFE FOR MANKIND!

THE END

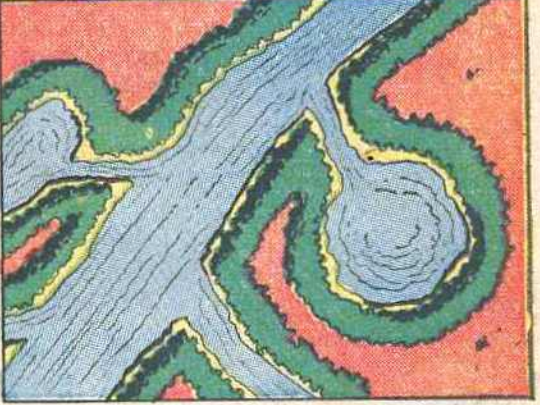
"The Canals of Mars"

SOME SCIENTISTS HOLD THAT THE "CANALS" ON MARS ARE MARTIAN-MADE AND FOR A DEFINITE PURPOSE

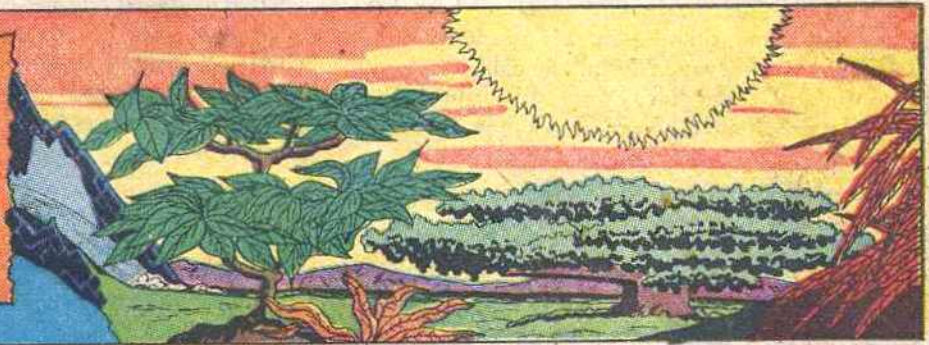
POWERFUL TELESCOPES SHOW THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET MARS TO BE CRISS-CROSSED WITH CANALS WHICH APPEAR TO EMPTY INTO HUGE RESERVOIRS!



DEFINITE PATCHES OF GREEN ALONG THE EDGES OF THE CANALS ARE BELIEVED TO BE VEGETATION!



THE THEORY IS THAT THE CANALS FORM A VAST IRRIGATION SYSTEM BRINGING WATER FROM THE MELTING POLAR CAPS TO HELP THE PLANET OVER THE DRY HOT SEASON.



THIS WATER RUSHES DOWN THE CANALS INTO THE VAST RESERVOIRS.

THE WATERS RISE! IT IS WELL! A FEW MORE DAYS AND OUR CROPS WOULD HAVE BEEN RUINED!

YES, WITHOUT THE CANALS DROUGHTS WOULD HAVE WIPED OUT MARTIAN CIVILIZATION AGES AGO!



CAREFUL DISTRIBUTION OF THIS WATER FROM THE POLAR REGIONS COULD MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO PREVENT DROUGHTS UNTIL THE MARTIAN WET SEASON BEGINS....

THE CANALS ARE ALMOST DRY! THE LAST WINTER WAS WARMER THAN USUAL! THE ICE-CAPS WERE NOT THICK ENOUGH!

NO, BUT THOSE CLOUDS IN THE SKY WILL BRING RAIN! PERHAPS THE WET SEASON WILL START EARLIER! NATURE KEEPS EVERYTHING IN BALANCE!



IT IS ALL THEORY, OF COURSE, BUT QUITE PLAUSIBLE FOR MARS ATMOSPHERE IS ONE OF THE FEW THAT COULD SUPPORT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT!

TERROR FROM THE DEPTHS

"One earthquake is bad enough! But when the whole world feels as if it were sitting on top of an electric mixer, I say it's getting too bad!" Dr. Marsden, chief seismologist of the Worldwide Scientific Command, glared around the table angrily, as if to wonder who would dare challenge his statement.

Dr. Stan Wallens grinned and shook back from his forehead a youthful cowlick of hair. "We shouldn't complain, Dr. Marsden!" he chuckled. "If there wouldn't be earthquakes, all of us seismologists would be out of jobs!"

"It's all right for you youngsters to take that attitude," the other grumbled. "But we've got reputations, we older men, and when the whole world feels as if it's being shaken to bits, and we haven't got even a ghost of an idea of what's causing the upheavals, we look pretty silly."

Stan shrugged his shoulders. But before he could reply to his chief, young Charlie Handel, Wallens' assistant, came running in, his normally ruddy face pale and haggard. "Stan," he called excitedly. "It worked! Your idea worked!" And Handel waved a graph chart under Stan's nose.

Dr. Marsden and the others in the conference room crowded around the young scientist as he snatched the graph from Handel's fingers and his own face paled.

"What is it?" asked Dr. Marsden anxiously. "Must be important, the way it's affecting you!"

Stan nodded. "It is, sir," he said tensely. "This graph proves what I've been suspecting for a long time. That is—that the earthquakes aren't being caused by anything that's a normal cause of such upheavals. Rather, they are coming because some gigantic force—whether it's life as we know it or not I don't know—is inside the earth, working and twisting its way up to the surface!"

"That's impossible," snapped Dr. Marsden. "Nobody could possibly conceive of any force that strong, to be able to twist its way up through thousands of miles of molten lava at the center of the earth, and the layers of rock that are packed more densely than anything we've ever seen here on the surface!"

Stan nodded soberly. "That's what I thought, sir, too," he said. "Until I visualized the only kind of force that would do it. Let me explain," he went on, as the others hung silently on his every word. "Think of a corkscrew, twisting its way through dense material. It could do it easily, couldn't it? Well, as soon as I realized that a corkscrew would

have to have some driving force behind it, I realized that the only force that could be causing what the world is experiencing is something like that. And I came to the conclusion that it must be some unimaginable type of monster worm, which uses its teeth like the point of a corkscrew, and twists what it eats through its own body, ejecting it at the other end. That's what's causing the earthquakes, sir!"

"Have you got proof of this fantastic theory, Stan?" asked Dr. Marsden.

"These graphs, Doctor," Stan replied. "They show that the earthquakes are stemming from a constantly shifting area within the earth, which has steadily been moving closer to the surface! That's what suggested the idea of something like a monster worm, working its way out from the center!"

Dr. Marsden soon showed the scientific qualities which had gained him the position of chief seismologist of the world. Although he refused to say whether he believed young Stan's theory or not, he immediately marshalled his forces to test it. And less than a week later he summoned his weary staff together.

"Gentlemen," Dr. Marsden said quietly, "we are faced with the most incredible problem the world has ever known. You all heard Dr. Wallens' theories the other day. Well, gentlemen, they have been borne out by facts!" He held up his hand to stop the sudden stir of comment. "Here, in the heart of the African plains, there has appeared a hole half a mile across, and we have photos showing a pair of giant jaws working inside this hole. The jaws," he concluded with a shrug "are exactly like those of a monster worm!"

"But Dr. Marsden," stammered one of the younger men, "if there's a worm with jaws capable of opening half a mile, it must be twenty miles long!"

"At least," agreed Stan Wallens grimly.

"What are we going to do? This thing could swallow all of us!"

Dr. Marsden nodded. "I've already given orders for everything I can think of," he said. "The World Government has sent in heavy artillery, and we're preparing now to try to blast the monster to bits."

For the next three days the heaviest and most explosive shells known to military science were lobbed into the gaping hole. They had just as little effect as if they had been pebbles! While the shells were exploding against the sides of the sinuous

dirty grey body which now lay for a mile along the earth, it seemed to relax as if it were enjoying the contact of the detonating explosives!

From helicopters which hovered above the scene, Stan Wallens and the others studied the monstrous worm which seemed like something out of the drug-filled dreams of a delirious, fever-ridden madman. The body still lay deep within its hole, only a mile of its length visible in all its half-mile thickness, while the monster jaws opened like the gates to Hell as it engulfed acres of foliage at a single gulp, and then settled down to chew with a crunching sound that drowned out all other noise! Animals and birds disappeared down its huge maw just as did trees and bushes. The scientists watched with bulging eyes.

Dr. Marsden, who had aged twenty years in the few days since he had accepted the incredible truth, met the scientists as they returned to camp. He was dressed in an old pair of Army fatigues and wore a crash helmet. "Stan," he said quietly, "I'm going to try the last resort. If it succeeds, we'll rid the earth of the greatest terror it has ever known. If it doesn't," he smiled wryly, "it'll be up to you, as the next in command."

"Look, Dr. Marsden," said Stan quickly, "I've come to some conclusions about the way we can lick this thing!"

Dr. Marsden shook his head. "Let me try my way, Stan," he said gently. "I'm an old man, and if my idea doesn't work, I won't be missed as much as you would be. I'm going up in a new type of bomber which has an abnormally low stalling speed. My idea is that I'm going to try to pinpoint a couple of hydrogen bombs right down the creature's gullet! If that doesn't work, I don't know what will!"

"But that's not the way to do it, sir!" blurted Stan.

"I'm still going to try," replied Dr. Marsden shortly, and strode to his plane, with Stan trailing after his chief, arguing emphatically.

When Dr. Marsden had taken off, Stan shook his head sadly. "It won't work," he muttered. "Let's get where we may be able to help!" He rushed for the helicopter, followed by the others, and they took off a moment after Marsden's bomber plane had left the ground.

Stan's prophecy was borne out. While they watched breathlessly, the bomber circled around the gaping jaws and dropped two giant hydrogen bombs right down its throat! There was a roar, and a spurt of smoke and flame rushed out of the jaws to engulf Dr. Marsden's plane, crisping it to a cinder within a second! When the smoke had cleared, the worm lay there as before, singed but placidly continuing to chew its way forward!

The first action taken by Stan Wallens after assuming the post of command was to strip all firing equipment from a dozen bombing planes, and to load the bomb bays with foot-thick balls of some unusually white substance which gave off a smoky vapor. Then he called a dozen pilots together, and quietly gave them precise instructions. After the briefing, they took off, Stan in the lead plane, for the worm.

Circling over the monster, the planes began dropping their load of white bombs. The balls hit the worm's sides, and the anxiously watching scientists saw that on every contact, the worm seemed to wince, although there were no explosions! In a very short time the worm lay supine and unmoving, completely covered with the white, smoking balls which clung to its skin!

Stan barked crisp orders into his radio—and cordons of troops raced for the now motionless worm with queerly smoking vapor squirting from the nozzles they held in their hands, which were connected to containers on their backs.

And while the eyes of the scientists stared, the worm slowly began to shrink in size, as the smoky vapor sliced deep chunks off its fetid, destructive body! A few more orders from Stan Wallens, and the smoky vapor sliced through the half-mile thick neck of the monster, and its murderous head dropped loose from its body!

Back in camp, Stan Wallens waved aside the congratulations which his fellow scientists showered on him, and pushed aside the mound of telegrams from every government in the world.

"It's not too complex, gentlemen," he explained. "This monster came from the molten center of the earth, where the temperature rises to unbelievable heights. It was obvious that explosion of heat wouldn't harm it—it thrives on far more heat than we can possibly generate! So what I did was fit up our planes with carbon dioxide bombs—you know, the stuff they used to call 'dry ice' in the old days. The terrific cold that was generated paralyzed and froze the worm stiff—and then when the foot troops moved in, they were equipped with carbon dioxide torches, which shot out thin, highly powdered streams of the same gas. These were so well controlled at the nozzles that the streams were as sharp as cutting edges. That was the only thing that worked—and the only way we could free the earth from this heat-spawned terror from the depths!"

"You have saved the world!" cried Charlie Handel.

"That's true," Stan murmured modestly. "But who knows what else the future has in store for us."

THE END

The MONSTER and the MODEL

TALES OF GHOSTS AND GOBLINS ALL BELONG TO A LONG DEAD PAST, AND MODERN CIVILIZATION LAUGHS AT THEM! BUT THERE IS NO LAUGHTER AS SUDDENLY, IN A BUSY CITY, THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH APPARITIONS! WHAT ARE THEY? WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS THE POLICE ASK AS THEY STRUGGLE AGAINST CRAFTY BLACK MAGIC, TO SOLVE THE STRANGE MYSTERY OF...

"The MONSTER and the MODEL!"



STOP HIM, ALLEN! STOP HIM!

I-I CAN'T!! THE BULLETS GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM!

A LARGE AMERICAN CITY... AS THE DAY DRAWS TO A CLOSE, ONE BY ONE THE WEARY SEEK THE PEACE OF SLUMBER. IT IS BEDTIME, TOO, FOR DONNA WAYNE, PROFESSIONAL MODEL...

SUDDENLY...

GAAAAA!

WH-WHAT'S THAT?

WHAT A DAY!... I THOUGHT IT NEVER WOULD END! WELL, EIGHT HOURS OF SHUT-EYE, AND I'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW!





TREMBLING, HORRIFIED, DONNA SNAPS ON THE LIGHT AND THE WEIRD PHANTOM FACE VANISHES.





AND AS THE IRON-NERVED POLICE DETECTIVE SNAPS ON HIS LIGHT, THE EERIE WRAITH VANISHES...



THE NEXT DAY IN THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER JOHN FRANKLIN...

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE, CARLTON. WE NEED EVERY MAN AVAILABLE TO HANDLE THOSE 'GHOSTS' THAT ARE ROAMING THE CITY!

HOW DID **YOU** KNOW ABOUT IT, CHIEF? I WAS JUST GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE ONE I SAW...

...YOU AND HUNDREDS OF **OTHERS!** WE WERE SWAMPED WITH PHONE CALLS LAST NIGHT FROM TERRIFIED PEOPLE WHO ALL CLAIMED THEY SAW THESE GHOSTS! GET ON THE CASE RIGHT AWAY!

GOT'CHA, CHIEF!

YIPES! IT'S TOUGH ENOUGH TRACKING DOWN THE ONE IN **MY** BEDROOM, LET ALONE GHOSTS IN **HUNDREDS** OF HOMES!



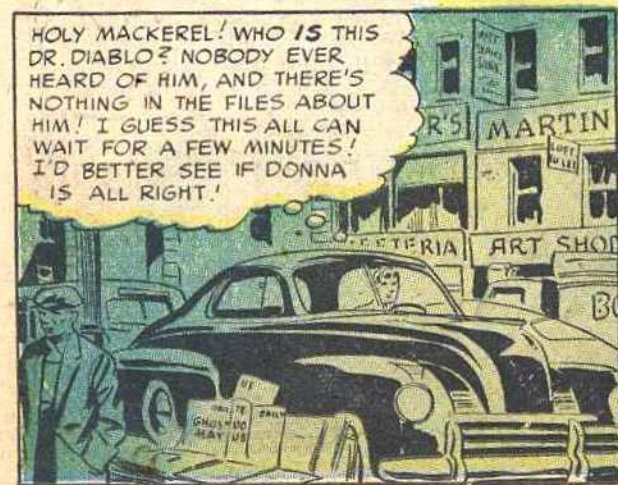




AS DIABLO VANISHES, THE BEWILDERED MAYOR CALLS THE POLICE COMMISSIONER...



AND SO MINUTES LATER...



JUST AS CARLTON REACHES DONNA'S DOOR...





ALLEN! ALLEN!
THAT MONSTER
FACE AGAIN!

STAND BACK, DONNA!
I'LL... OOF!



HAAA! YOU ARE MINE,
DONNA WAYNE!

DONNA! LISTEN TO
WHAT HE'S SAYING!
TAKE A GOOD
LOOK AT THAT
FACE!

WHY... IT'S
ANGELO
THE
TOAD!



RIGHT! THE THUG
WHO MADE A
PLAY FOR YOU
ONCE! I HAD
TO PUNCH HIS
FACE IN BEFORE
HE LET YOU
ALONE!

AND HE WENT AWAY
MUTTERING THREATS,
SAYING HE WOULD
GET ME AWAY FROM
YOU SOONER OR
LATER! NOW HE'S
LIKE A GHOST!
OH, ALLEN,
I'M SCARED!



HE'S NO GHOST! I'M BEGINNING TO
SEE IT ALL NOW! THE IMAGE FADES
AWAY UNDER A STRONG LIGHT
JUST LIKE... JUST LIKE...
YES, THAT'S IT!



COME ON, HONEY!--
WE'RE GOING TO
THE POLICE LAB!

BE RIGHT
WITH YOU,
ALLEN!



HERE'S WHAT I
NEED! A HIGH-
FREQUENCY WAVE DETECTOR,
USED TO TRACK DOWN ANY
UNAUTHORIZED OR UNLICENSED
RADIO BROADCASTERS! A LITTLE
ADJUSTING AND IT'LL PICK UP TELE-
VISION SIGNALS,
TELEVISION? TELEVISION, TOO!



WE'RE GOING ON A TV GHOST HUNT! DRIVE ME AROUND 'TIL WE RUN INTO ANOTHER PHANTOM, DONNA! THAT'S WHERE THIS GADGET COMES IN!



THERE'S AN APPARITION NOW, ALLEN!

DRIVE CLOSE TO IT, DONNA. I WANT TO GET A READING!



RIGHT! IT REGISTERS ON THE DETECTOR, SHOWING IT'S A **TELEVISION BEAM** OF SOME SORT! KEEP DRIVING AROUND THE CITY! I'LL GET A DIRECTIONAL READING FROM THREE DIFFERENT POINTS!



GOT IT! EXTENDING THE LINES OF THE THREE DIFFERENT DIRECTIONAL READINGS, THEY ALL CONVERGE... LET'S SEE... OUTSIDE THE CITY AT THE OLD MILL! DRIVE THERE, DONNA!... AND **STEP ON IT!**

A SMALL SHACK OUTSIDE THE CITY...



THERE IT IS, DONNA!

BRRR! LOOKS HAUNTED ITSELF!



IT'S HAUNTED, ALL RIGHT, BY A **CLEVER CROOK!** BUT JUST HOW DOES HE WORK THAT GHOSTLY IMAGE STUFF IN THE CITY?

ALLEN--LOOK OUT! BEHIND YOU!



ANGELO
THE TOAD!



COME ON INSIDE!
THE BOSS'LL WANT
TO SEE YOU BOTH!

WHEN CARLTON COMES TO, MINUTES LATER ...



UH-- MY HEAD! DR.
DIABLO! SO **YOU'RE**
THE KING-PIN BEHIND
ALL THIS? BUT JUST
WHO ARE YOU?

I AM A SORCERER,
MASTER OF BLACK
MAGIC, COMMANDER
OF NETHER DEMONS!

DON'T HAND ME
THAT BALONEY!
WAIT-- I KNOW
YOU NOW, IN SPIKE
OF THAT PHONY
OUTFIT--**DOC
HOODLAH!**...
CROOKED
SCIENTIST
AND
SWINDLER!

SO YOU FINALLY
DISCOVERED
THAT THIS IS
ALL A TELE-
VISION HOAX!
YOU MAY AS
WELL HEAR
THE WHOLE
CUNNING
SCHEME
NOW!



I SIMPLY USE TV-IMAGES! BUT I STUMBLED
UPON A UNIQUE WAY OF PROJECTING IMAGES
ANYWHERE, WITHOUT NEED OF A RECEIVING
SCREEN TO PICK UP THE SIGNALS! IN SHORT,
I CAN SET MY DIALS FOR ANY SPOT IN THE
CITY, AND
PROJECT
THE IMAGE
INTO THIN
AIR!



I IMMEDIATELY SAW HOW I
COULD MAKE A QUICK KILLING!
BY USING OLD MOVIE FILMS
AND HORROR PICTURES, IT WAS
EASY TO TELEVISION THOSE
APPARITIONS ALL OVER,
MAKING THE CITY SEEM
HAUNTED! AND BEFORE
THE CITY GOES INTO A
MADDENED PANIC, THE
MAYOR WILL BE FORCED
TO PAY ME ONE MILLION
DOLLARS!



IT WAS ALSO EASY TO PROJECT MY OWN IMAGE TO THE MAYOR, AND MAKE MY DEMAND! CERTAIN SONIC ARRANGEMENTS ALLOWED MY IMAGE TO SPEAK ALOUD TO HIM! I GUESS YOU CAN CALL THE WHOLE THING **BLACK MAGIC BLACKMAIL!**



OH, YES! ONE MORE THING! ANGELO THE TOAD, MY ASSISTANT, HAD ME SEND HIS OWN IMAGE TO THE GIRL, TO TERRIFY HER INTO GIVING YOU UP, CARLTON! OKAY, TOAD, TAKE OVER NOW!

THANKS, DOC! THE GIRL'S MINE NOW! C'MERE, BABE!

UTTERLY HELPLESS, CARLTON MAKES ONE LAST BID FOR FREEDOM...

COWARD! I LICKED YOU ONCE BEFORE, TOAD, AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN! TAKE OFF THOSE ROPES AND I'LL PROVE IT!

WHY, YOU LITTLE... ALL RIGHT, LOUD MOUTH! I'LL FIX YOU!



I FRISKED YOU BEFORE, FLATFOOT! YOU GOT NO GUN! BUT I'VE GOT **THIS**, AN' I'M GONNA BASH YER SKULL IN!

OH, ALLEN! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THAT CLUB!



BESIDES, EVEN IF THE CLUB DOESN'T GET HIM, THIS GUN WILL! THIS IS AMUSING! YOUR BOY-FRIEND IS AGILE, AND THE TOAD IS CLUMSY! BUT HOW LONG CAN CARLTON DODGE?

TIME AFTER TIME CARLTON NARROWLY ESCAPES THE VICIOUS SWINGS, BUT AT LAST HIS STRENGTH EBBS, AND...



CAN'T MOVE ANOTHER STEP... LICKED...!

NOW I GOT YOU!

BUT THE DETECTIVE MAKES A SURPRISING MOVE!



JUST WHAT I WANTED, YOU CLUMSY OX! I MANEUVERED YOU NEAR THE CONTROL-BOARD, AND THERE'S ENOUGH VOLTAGE THERE TO SHOCK YOU SILLY!

YAAAA!

ZAP!



PRETTY GOOD, CARLTON! IF YOU PREFER DEATH BY A BULLET, I'LL BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE!

THIS TV-CAMERA-- IT'S ON WHEELS!



A GOOD SHOVE, AND ... HUH?

GOOD WORK, DONNA! I'LL FINISH HIM OFF!



I'VE BEEN SAVING THIS UP JUST FOR YOU!



OH, ALLEN! WHAT A NIGHTMARE THIS ALL WAS!

BUT IT'S ALL OVER NOW, DARLING! YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP PEACEFULLY TONIGHT... AND SO IS THE WHOLE CITY!



LATER...

SLEEP? IN THIS DIN? THE WHOLE CITY'S CELEBRATING NOW!

GUESS YOU CAN'T BLAME THEM! THAT CLOSES THE CASE OF THE HAUNTED CITY! OR AS I'LL ALWAYS THINK OF IT-- THE CASE OF THE MONSTER AND THE MODEL!

The End

Measuring a COMET'S TAIL

COMETES AND METEORS FROM OUTER SPACE ARE CONTINUALLY BOMBARDING THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE! SCIENTISTS HAVE DEVELOPED SENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS TO PRY THE INNERMOST SECRETS FROM THESE FLAMING VISITORS.



METEORS, CRASHING FROM OUTER SPACE, CANNOT BE SEEN UNTIL THEY ARE ABOUT 80 MILES FROM THE EARTH'S SURFACE! THEN THEY ENTER OUR ATMOSPHERE. FRICTION SETS THEM ON FIRE.

USUALLY A METEOR BURNS OUT WITHIN A SECOND AFTER IT HAS COME INTO THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. IN EARLY TIMES...



ALAS, THEY BURN OUT TOO QUICKLY!



WE WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO STUDY THEM.

NOT UNTIL HIGH-SPEED PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES WERE DEVELOPED COULD A CLOSE STUDY OF METEORS BE MADE...

AT LAST!

A CLEAR PHOTOGRAPH OF METEORS! WHEN WE HAVE MADE AN ENLARGEMENT OF THIS PLATE, WE MAY BE ABLE TO CRACK THE MYSTERY OF METEORS IN ACTION!

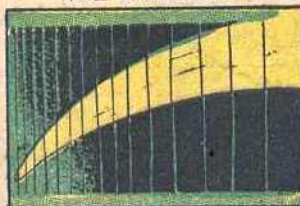


HOWEVER, THERE WAS STILL NO WAY OF MEASURING THE SPEED OF THE METEORS! FINALLY...

THIS ROTATING INTERRUPTOR INTERRUPTS THE FILM EXPOSURE TWENTY TIMES A SECOND! THROUGH SUCH MEANS, WE CAN ESTIMATE THE SPEED OF THE METEOR, AND HOW MUCH IT SLOWS DOWN AS IT MOVES!



THIS IS HOW THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE LOOKS WHEN THE INTERRUPTOR HAS BEEN COUPLED TO THE CAMERA...



NOTE THAT METEOR IS TRAVELING FASTEST AT THE RIGHT, AS IT ENTERS THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. AS IT GETS NEARER EARTH, AND ATMOSPHERE INCREASES IN DENSITY, METEOR SLOWS DOWN!

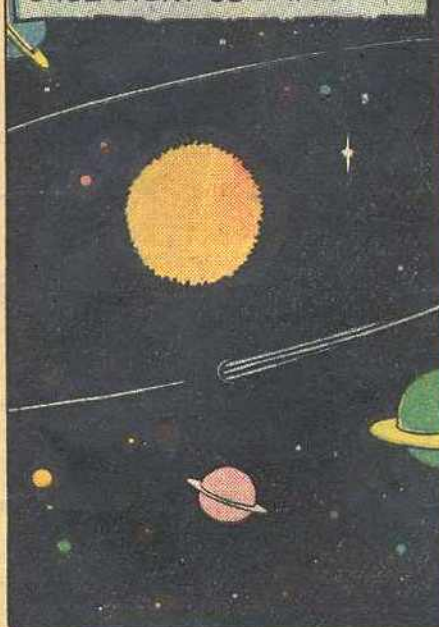
WHAT IS THE PRACTICAL USE OF SUCH KNOWLEDGE? IT IS INVALUABLE IN COMPUTING THE DENSITY OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE AT VARYING ALTITUDES. ALSO, IN CONJUNCTION WITH OTHER EXPERIMENTS, THE HEAT OF THE ATMOSPHERE CAN BE ASCERTAINED. THESE FACTORS ARE VITALLY IMPORTANT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF ROCKETS AND IN THE IMPROVEMENT OF THEIR SPEED!

"One-Sided Life"

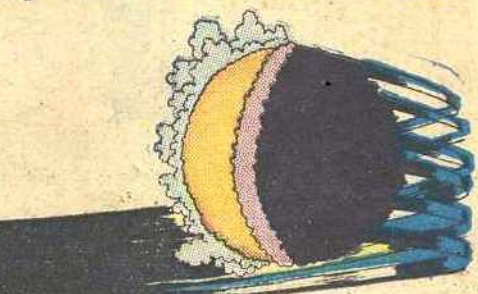
MERCURY, THE PLANET NEAREST THE SUN HAS ONLY ONE HEATED SIDE! THE OTHER SIDE IS MORE FRIGID THAN THE EARTH'S POLAR REGIONS!

MERCURY, LESS THAN HALF THE SIZE OF THE EARTH REVOLVES AROUND THE SUN ONCE EVERY 88 DAYS!

BUT BECAUSE MERCURY ALSO REVOLVES ON ITS OWN AXIS ONCE EVERY 88 DAYS, IT ALWAYS PRESENTS THE SAME SIDE TO THE SUN....



MERCURY'S WARM SIDE HAS A TEMPERATURE FAR IN EXCESS OF THE BOILING POINT OF WATER! HENCE MUCH OF IT CAN SUPPORT NO LIFE AT ALL, AND IS, IN FACT, A MASS OF ROCKS AND SAND....

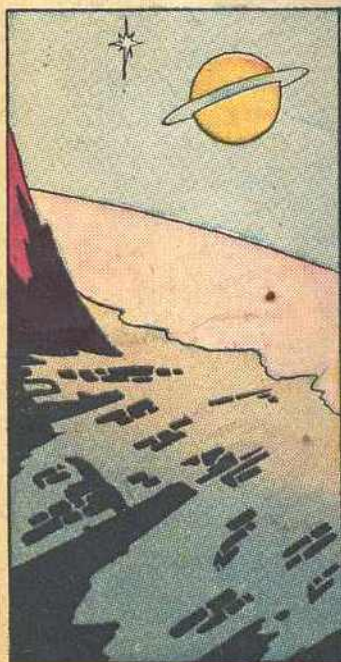


THE COLD SIDE HAS THE UNBEARABLE FRIGIDITY OF OUTER SPACE....

THERE IS A NARROW BAND AROUND THE CENTER OF MERCURY WHERE THE SUN'S RAYS DO NOT STRIKE SO DIRECTLY. IN THIS AREA, LIFE COULD EXIST....

EVEN IN THIS AREA, THE HEAT WOULD BE SO INTENSE THAT HUMANS WOULD HAVE TO BE PROTECTED FROM IT!

WHEW! EVEN WITH MY REFRIGERATED SUIT I CAN'T STAND THESE TEMPERATURES! I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK NEARER TO THE COLD REGIONS!



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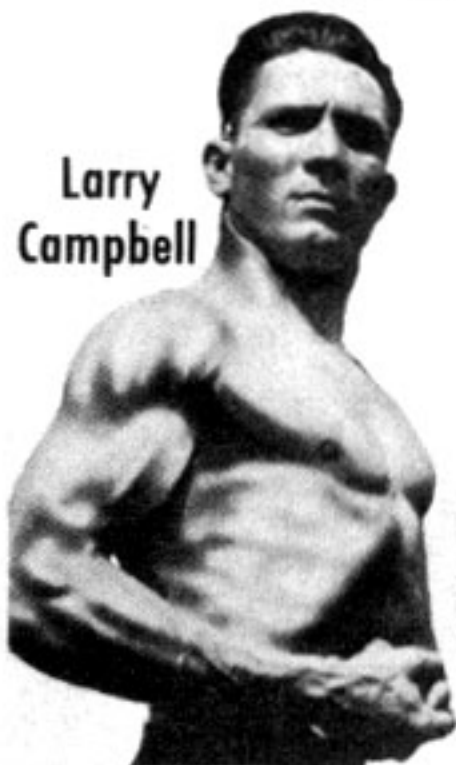
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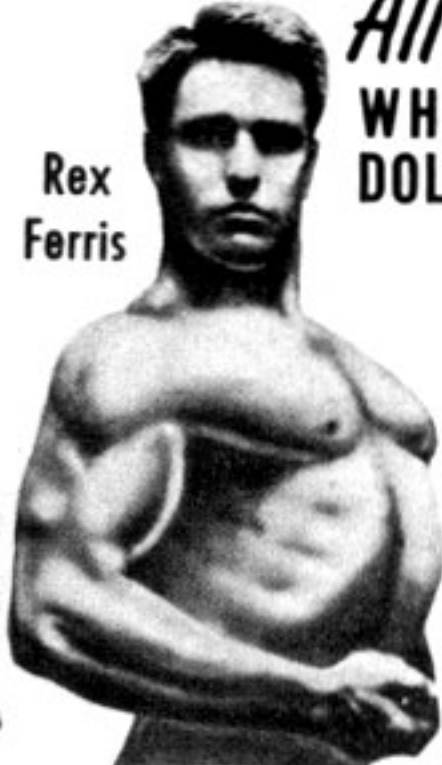
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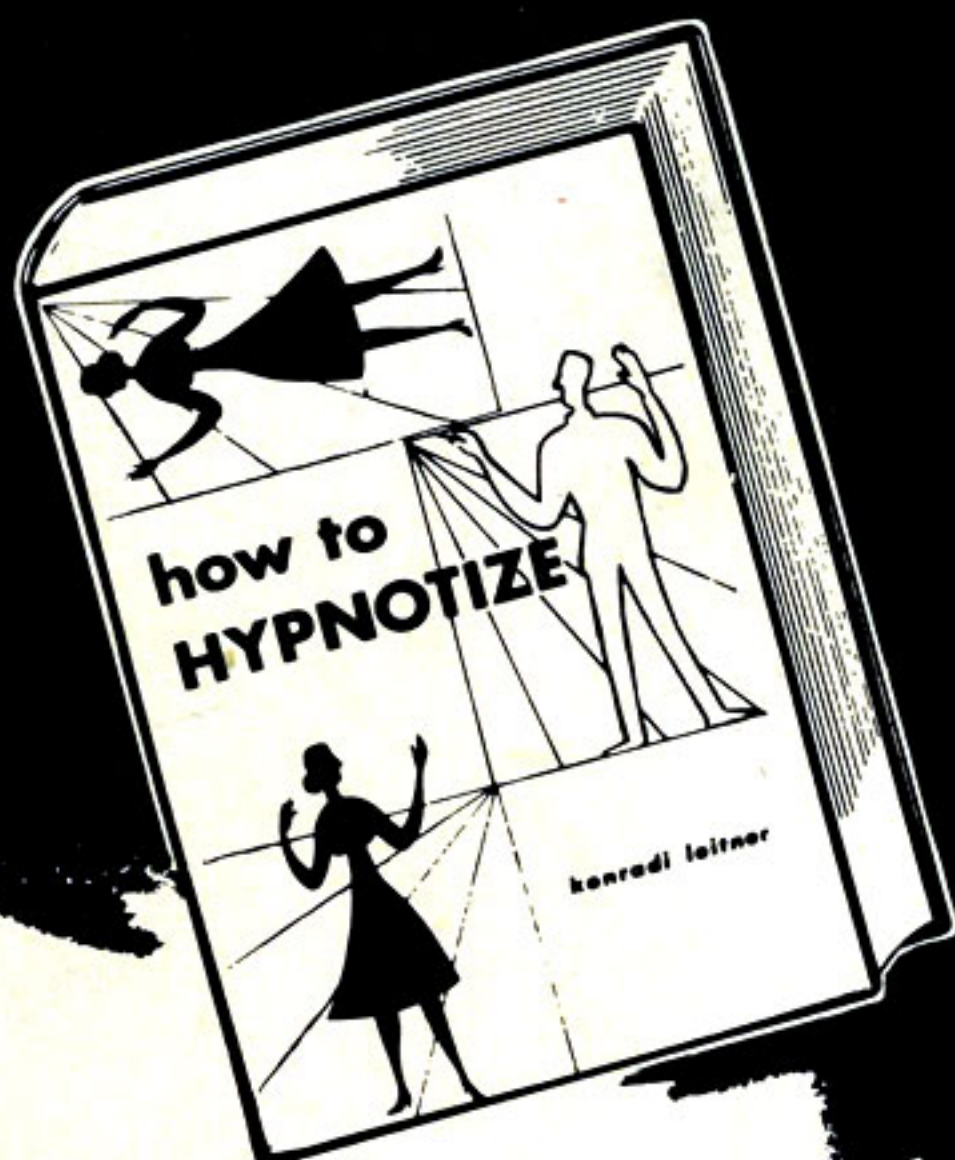
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